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UNVEILING OF THE

MARBLE BUST

OF

PAYSON TUCKER,

NOVEMBER 21, 1900,

PRESENTED TO THE

MAINE EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY

BY MRS. TUCKER.

PORTLAND:
MARKS PRINTING HOUSE.
1901.

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15 mr. 29 F. Woods

The meeting was composed of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, from the various walks of life, who knew and admired Payson Tucker for his constant manifestation of sympathy for the poor, for his benevolence, and for his philanthropy. Colonel Fred. N. Dow, President of the Board of Trustees, acted as Chairman and called the meeting to order at eight o'clock, and upon taking the chair said:—I have been directed by the executive committee to request Rev. Mr. T. M. Davies, of Deering, to offer prayer.

Prayer by the Rev. Mr. T. M. Davies.

THE CHAIRMAN:—It becomes my pleasing duty, as President of the Board of Trustees, to announce that through the kind thoughtfulness of Mrs. Tucker, the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary has become the possessor of a fine marble bust of her late husband, and its late President, Payson Tucker. I now request Dr. F. W. Searle, the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, to unveil the bust.

1 nov 28 Black Heart

P 58518

The Secretary unveiled the bust, which act was greeted with applause.

THE CHAIRMAN:—It is common knowledge that but for the untiring service of Dr. E. E. Holt, there would have been no Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary. It is also as true, as it is appropriate, that no event of importance or interest to the Infirmary would be complete without the participation in it of its executive surgeon. You will all understand therefore, that it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to introduce Dr. Holt.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

The thoughts which are presented to you on Payson Tucker, in connection with his assistance in founding and maintaining the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, have arisen amid the duties of an occupation which prepares one neither for the delineation of character nor for the art of oratory. If what I shall say, have value worthy of the place and occasion, it must be considered a spontaneous loving effort to do honor to him to whom honor is due.

For a third time in the history of this institution, we mourn the loss of its President. All who have occupied that position have died in office.

Mr. Harrison Jewell Libby was elected to the office and occupied it from the organization in 1886 until his death in 1891. He was a banker, a man of sterling integrity, successful in the affairs of life, ripe in experience, and commanding the respect of all men. He was one of the earliest friends of the Infirmary contributing liberally of his time and money while he lived.

Mr. Ira Putnam Farrington was elected to the office and occupied it, from 1891 until his death in 1894. He was a merchant who, by strict integrity, economy, and attention to business had amassed a fortune. He was a philanthropist who gave discreetly to a large list of the deserving poor. By his will, he set an example of benevolence unsurpassed in the history of this state.

Mr. Payson Tucker was elected President on the death of Mr. Farrington, and occupied the office from 1895 until his death in 1900.

In my address delivered at the dedication of this building in 1892, in the closing sentence I said: "Let us trust that ere the hands on the clock's dial shall point to the last hour of the nineteenth century, the work of this charity will have demonstrated the wisdom of its promoters in erecting this building, and

that it will be recorded of them that they did their duty, their whole duty, and nothing but their duty to mankind."

With the registration of over twenty thousand patients, with an attendance of over a hundred thousand, and with over five thousand operations performed upon the eye and ear for the preservation, or restoration of sight or hearing, we trust now that the work of this charity has demonstrated the wisdom of its promoters in erecting this building.

Now in the closing year of this nineteenth century, long before the hands on the clock's dial point to the last hour, we have been called upon to mourn the loss of another one of the chief promoters of the erection of this building, and it seems proper and fitting, on an occasion like this, when Mrs. Tucker has presented the institution this magnificent work of art, embodying the form and likeness of our beloved president and associate, Payson Tucker, in a marble bust, to record of him that, in the part he took in the erection of this building, he did his duty to mankind.

In all his relations with men he was constantly brought to the recognition of the value of good sight and hearing. Hence arose his great interest in the welfare of these organs of special sense, and hence his

charity to this institution devoted to the preservation and restoration of sight and hearing.

Long before the institution took form or shape, Mr. Tucker was in the habit of sending me patients accompanied with a note to do all I could for them and send the bill to him. His sensitive nature was touched by the condition of those who had used up their slender means while the light of day was slowly fading away from them and they found themselves in darkness, to mourn the loss of that sense which would enable them to enjoy the evening of life, and to view the form and features of loved ones in their declining years. He did not wait for solicitation, but, when he learned the conditions and circumstances were worthy of true charity, he extended it with a loving hand.

He was always alive to the best interests of the Medical Profession, and we acknowledge a debt of gratitude to him for his untiring co-operation on many occasions.

He recognized that the Hospital and the Infirmary were as beacon lights in society guiding the sick, the halt, and the blind, to a place of relief, and, in giving it, contributing or verifying truths which are the foundation of medicine, whose achievements in the nineteenth century are the wonder and the admiration of the world.

He realized that the establishment of these eleemosynary institutions would show the advancement of civilization in this century, as much as the numerous discoveries and inventions which must ever make this period a memorable one in the history of the world.

He recognized that these institutions symbolized all the changes of man, from a condition when might was right and made everything subservient to its commands, to one when love is right and the guiding star of that benevolence which culminates in these temples of charity.

It was my good fortune to secure the assistance and generous support of Payson Tucker in promoting this charity, therefore I am more familiar with his relations to the institution than any one else, and take pleasure in recording more in detail what he did for the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Payson Tucker was among the first to sign the petition for the incorporation of the Infirmary. He was made first vice-president, and ex-officio a member of the Board of Trustees, and remained in this office until elected President of the Corporation.

The fact that he was willing to serve as an officer of the Infirmary was quite as much an assistance

as were his numerous and generous gifts to the institution.

When the Trustees and friends of the Infirmary appeared before the Financial Committee of the Legislature of 1887, Mr. Tucker took all who went from this section of the state in his private car to Augusta. Among these, were the then President of the Corporation, Harrison J. Libby, the late Arthur Sewall, Seth C. Gordon, Charles F. Libby, Melvin P. Frank, Albion Little, and others who appeared before the Committee and stated the object, scope, and usefulness of the institution to the poor of the state. With this and subsequent work of the friends of the Infirmary, the appropriation was passed without a dissenting vote in the Legislature.

When the option upon this land on which the building rests had nearly expired, on December 31, 1890, there was not only no money to pay for it, but it was more or less difficult to obtain money to meet the general current expenses of the Infirmary. There was at that time such a stringency in the money market, that it was difficult to obtain money. The land must be purchased before the option upon it should expire, or it would be lost forever for the Infirmary, as more money had been offered for it than

was specified in the option. Under a combination of these discouraging circumstances, I went to Mr. Tucker, and, after we had talked it all over, he asked me to draw up a paper for subscriptions, which I did. He headed the list with a subscription of $1000, giving me a note for the same, instead of a check, on account of the tightness of the money market at that time, with a remark, that, under ordinary circumstances, he would rather have given twice the amount. With this paper I secured the subscription of H. J. Libby, W. W. Thomas, and I. P. Farrington, each for the same amount, and others for smaller amounts, so that by January 10, 1891, I had secured a deed of the land and had paid for it. With the land paid for, we had a capital with which to work, and had provided the only way in which, it seemed possible, to erect this building at that time.

It was the sympathy and co-operation of Payson Tucker that determined the erection of this building. In my address referred to, after giving statistics of the work of the Infirmary, I said: "These results compare favorably with that renowned institution, the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary at its beginning, when Boston was a city but little larger than Portland, with a population of fifty

thousand. There are other similarities between these two institutions, when founded, besides the size of the two cities, and the amount of work that each accomplished. The older had a person active in its management and strong in its support by the name of Tucker, while the younger is blessed with one by the same name in an equal and similar capacity. You all know to whom I refer, and it is but just to say that Mr. Tucker's advice and support determined the erection of this building at this time." I feel now as I did then, eight years ago, that his advice and support determined the erection of this building, and that therefore we are indebted to him for the value and usefulness of this structure in carrying on the work of the Infirmary for the past eight years. He maintained a free bed for a large part of this time, and many are the blessings that he received from the poor who were thus benefited by this gift. This service has been such a help to the work of the Infirmary, and so conspicuous a part of the ward which he furnished and which bears his name, that I shall establish a free bed in perpetuity, that this munificence may continue to benefit the poor who may seek, in his name, the preservation, or the restoration of sight or hearing, so long as the institution shall last.

When we consider the increased facilities for administering to the thousands who have been treated here during these years, and the hundreds who have had their sight or hearing preserved or restored by such treatment, we begin to get a glimpse of the amount of charitable work that Payson Tucker has been the means of consummating to a better degree by his sympathetic advice and generous contributions. This in itself would be sufficient to entitle him to a place among the first in benevolence and philanthropy, but there are many instances where his benevolence has been made manifest in other philanthropic work. We see it in educational matters, in fraternal societies, in other buildings, and in monuments that adorn our city. He was as ready and apt to initiate as to assist efforts for the betterment of the condition of the people, and there was seldom any movement in this direction but that he was found shoulder to shoulder among the first to carry it through to a successful completion. His efforts to help others extended far outside of the field of ordinary charity and embraced every vocation of usefulness. He was just as ready to assist those who were making a worthy effort to establish themselves in any sphere of usefulness, as to lend a helping hand to those who were suffering either from misfortune or accident.

One of the marked traits of his character, was to assist those who had fallen from inherent misfortunes, and many a person has cause to remember him with a grateful heart for the assistance and sympathy rendered to them, in their hour of trouble, when the world seemed cold and friendless. However erring persons might be, whenever he found them in sickness or distress, he extended to them his sympathy and support.

Payson Tucker was a Mason. He believed that the Order was one of the best Institutions vouchsafed to man. He was a Sir Knight, yes, a Plumed Knight, of the Order, for in the Jeweled Crown of its Fraternity, he set diamonds which will glow and shine by the light of his brotherly love as long as the organization shall last.

He was fond of calling Maine the play-ground of the Nation. He believed in her resources, her fields, forests, lakes, and rivers. He believed that these, with her thousands of miles of indented coast, rock-ribbed by the sea and ancient as the sun, afforded a paradise for tourists unsurpassed in all the world. He believed they would come in increasing numbers, when the wealth of these in climate, scenery, and health-giving properties was more fully

realized. Hence he was intensely interested in the development of all parts of the state, and ready to assist any effort to make her natural resources more attractive and better known to those who might seek them for health and recreation. Surely by the fruitage of his labors he made to grow two blades of grass where but one grew before.

Man is pre-eminently a social being, and of the attributes of sociability Payson Tucker possessed a large share, for he was a royal host. He loved to see people happy. It was a great pleasure to do all he could to assist the various organizations of the state on any occasion of business or enjoyment, and he manifested it in such a way that he never seemed to do so much but that he could do more if it was necessary.

He was fond of hearing and relating the little incidents of life and events: the sublime, the ridiculous, and the odd, for he fully appreciated the scope, extent, and points of a good story, to diversify, rest, and recuperate the energies of a wearied mind.

He was fond of nature. That he might more fully enjoy her charms and drink in the inspiration which she gives to all of her admirers, he selected one of the most beautiful spots amid the far-famed

White Mountains of New Hampshire, and there constructed a home containing all modern improvements, exquisitely furnished, adorned with all the refinements of culture, surrounded by the best works of the horticulturist, making it a place where he could retire with the companion of his life, and rest his wearied vision in the wide range of the magnificent scenery and the ever changing verdure of Nature's green.

The mere reference to his many qualities of heart and mind, make up a type of character which is the highest ideal of a life that is worth living.

To err is human, to forgive divine. Payson Tucker possessed these attributes of character in common with mankind. He was intensely human, and his good will to man was one of the conspicuous traits of his character. We must recognize, as he did, that man does not determine his own existence nor the nature with which he is endowed, therefore, in estimating his achievements, we must consider the obstacles, not only in the world, but in himself, with which he has to contend and overcome. As Winthrop said in his celebrated eulogy of George Peabody, so we might say here of Payson Tucker with all tenderness of heart: "You rob him of his richest

laurel, you refuse him his brightest crown, when you attempt to cover up or disguise any of those innate tendencies, any of those acquired habits, any of those besetting temptations against which he struggled so bravely and so triumphantly." His kindness of heart, his generous nature, and his achievements were so conspicuous that we are lost in the unity of their accomplishments, and the robe of charity was so constantly a part of his daily dress that it overshadows all.

While there was no formal declaration that he followed the precepts of Him whose life marked the beginning of our era, still if we are to judge Payson Tucker by the standard set by the Master, we must place him among Christians of the ideal type, for he went about doing good, and thereby derived his greatest enjoyment.

The gorgeous display of flowers at his funeral was a manifestation of the esteem in which he was held, but as great as this display was—never equaled in the history of this state—we believe that if everyone to whom he had done some loving kindness had been able to place a flower around his grave, he would have slept that night within a wilderness of roses mingled with the tears from the sorrow of an equal number of grateful hearts.

If we look for the source of these traits of character, we must assume first, that he was largely endowed by nature, and second, that his early environments had much to do in developing them. We find him at the early age of thirteen, embarked upon a career in which he began to acquire his acquaintance with the public. This is an age in which the active mind participates in all the affairs that transpire within its range. He thus early in life became acquainted and impressed with the public needs. There developed a bond of sympathy between him and the public, akin to that which exists between members of an ideal family. This bond of sympathy developed, as he grew in years, into a bond of love in serving the public, and endeared him to many individuals and the community as a whole, in which he lived, moved, and had his being.

John Fiske, the profound historian and writer, was the first to point out the absolute necessity of the long period of childhood to develop and mould character, and to create that bond of sympathy and affection which ripens into love in the family circle, as a type of the units of an enlightened community and nation.

Payson Tucker's career made him a member of

the public circle, composed of different families and communities, and his conspicuous traits of character were developed along these lines.

He was a keen observer of men and things, and he early became a close student of public affairs. His active mind was quick to anticipate the service which would give the public the greatest satisfaction, and he devoted himself to its execution with a zeal, born of a love for the work, and developed by the peculiar circumstances of his early career.

Payson Tucker was a master of details. Though he received none of the mental training for which degrees are conferred by universities, still from his early career of self-dependence and application, he acquired a discipline of the mind capable of the highest grasp of a subject, and so completely under his control that he was able to concentrate himself to the fullest capacity. He had the happy faculty, whenever he found his own knowledge on a subject limited, of knowing how, when, and where to seek information from other sources, to make himself familiar with it in all its details.

He early became engaged in a service devoted to the public, and his training was such that he became a master of all its details. These were so perfected

that there seldom occurred any mishaps in the service over which he had control. This was due to the mind which had grasped the subject so thoroughly, that no detail escaped its attention.

Payson Tucker came to the Maine Central Railroad in the childhood of its existence, when it had only 350 miles of mileage, and all through the growth of its youth to the development of its manhood of 800 miles of mileage, making it, with its 200 miles of steamboat lines, a valuable part of the traveling facilities of the state and country, he guided its steps with an executive ability unsurpassed in the history of railroads, and with an eye single to the best interests of all the people of this commonwealth.

Payson Tucker had a marked personal appearance : good height, well proportioned, classic in form and features, which all combined to make a commanding presence. There was something in the very atmosphere of his presence that inspired confidence in others. He possessed to a high degree the quality which is essential to all leaders, of inspiring others with his own personality, and of obtaining from them a willing service of the highest possible efficiency, because it was always accompanied with such a high regard for him, that each employee made it a personal

matter to do his very best, first, last, and all the time. There is no doubt that this personality was a quality which saved thousands of dollars to the corporations under his management. His supervision of affairs was so uniform, courteous, and considerate that there sprang up a sympathy between him and his employees, that ripened into a bond of love which has been broken, but not forgotten, by his death.

He had original methods of impressing employees that he took notice of everything pertaining to their duties. A little instance may serve to illustrate this: at one of the stations along the road a burglary had been committed, and on visiting this place he noticed untidiness of the rooms. "Yes," he said, "they have stolen your money and taken away all your brooms."

With all these qualities of heart and mind, accompanied uniformly with success, it is no wonder that his advice was sought not only by those in his employ, but by many others in all the different walks of life. His attention was so kind, sympathetic, and considerate in all worthy cases, that every one felt that, in him, they had a friend.

His opportunities to encourage and assist others, in the various spheres of usefulness and conditions of

life, were numerous, and he utilized them for the greatest good to the greatest number.

His sagacity was unquestioned. Everyone recognized in him a person of the keenest insight into the probabilities of the future. His predictions could be trusted and followed as safely as the pointing of the needle to the North Pole. There was no indirection in his methods in dealing with men. He was an upright man. In his business transactions there was nothing concealed. With him it was to share and to share alike according to agreement, and woe betide the man who undertook to do otherwise, or to show by acts that he feared any different treatment from him.

As an organizer of forces, as well as a manager of organizations, he had few equals and no superiors.

Although Mr. Tucker was as sagacious in city and state affairs as in his business transactions, yet he never held any public office. His democracy was so deep, broad, and comprehensive, that his opinion on public questions was sought by the leading men of both political parties, and often gave form and direction to their actions and the policies to be pursued.

His ability to anticipate the wants of the public

was great, and he always did all he could to supply them.

He was magnanimous to those whose faults were inherent but for those who made unprovoked attacks, imputing wrong motives to his own action, or those of others, he was often touched to the core, and he had no use for such, nor would he have anything to do with them if he could well avoid it.

He was fond of helping those who were worthy of assistance. Hence, his disposition was to encourage and assist those who were engaged in a similar work, or establishing an institution where this could be carried on in a more efficient manner. In this respect, his efforts were not confined to any section of the state, but were widespread.

He was a true friend to the Infirmary and its founder. He knew from history, and had learned by experience, that those who aspire to improve the conditions of mankind, have their paths beset by persecution from adversaries, and by misconstruction from friends, therefore, though clouds of criticism and storms of calumny might arise, yet, from his knowledge of the affairs of this institution, he never questioned for a moment, but that the sunlight of facts would dispel them like the dew in the morning sun.

He loved the good, the true, and the beautiful. In works of art he perceived all these and gave expression to his appreciation of them. His imagination was deep, broad, and comprehensive. If he were given a coat of mail, all the conditions of feudal life would pass in review before his mind. Once in my library as he stood admiring some rugs I had shown him, he said, "But, ah! doctor, think of the condition of the life of those in the Orient who made them, 'of fingers weary and worn, of eyelids heavy and red,' and how little those poor people received of what you have paid for them." And there was that twinkle in his eyes and expression of his face that spoke volumes.

In this brief consideration of his character, we have endeavored to bring to view those qualities which led up to his connection with the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, for the upbuilding of which he gave freely of his time and money during life, and, dying, his beloved wife has emphasized his regard for this work and institution, by presenting it with this life-like marble bust executed by Frederick A. Shaw. In it we recognize the hand of the sculptor, so combined with the ideal of his imagination as to produce the best effect. We admire the delicacy

with which it is proportioned, making it animated with beauty, grace, majesty, tenderness, and life.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." For while the success of those engaged in war may startle the community like the thunder storm, or the rush of the tempest, still, the career of one like Payson Tucker is as the gentle dew, or the falling of the summer rain, that vivifies the earth and gives the means of life and comfort to all its inhabitants. The flights of eulogy can hardly reveal its grandeur, but so long as the cycle of human remembrance shall last, the deeds of such a life will never die.

In the sickness which it was thought daily would be his last, he bore himself with the greatest fortitude. Ere he had regained his wonted health, the tender ties that bound him to a beloved sister were broken by death. Scarcely had he recovered from this shock, before another came in the death of his remaining sister. Thus weighed down in sickness and sorrow, from the death of loved ones, he began the end of life's journey.

Fondly did we hope that he might remain with us longer. Fervently did we wish that he might enter into the evening of life and enjoy the fruits of his

toil, but before the close of its day he took his departure, and now rests in the sleep that knows no waking.

> "Death is the privilege of human nature;
> And life without it were not worth our taking.
> Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner
> Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down."

Life is the narrow vale between two eternities, and death, which closes its scenes, impresses the lessons of its being and of the Creator.

Our greatest poet, who was born and reared in our city, in the Psalm of Life, has beautifully expressed the lesson:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time;—
>
> Footprints, that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again."

Maine is proud of her sons and daughters, proud of those who have linked their fortunes with hers. She is proud of those who have achieved distinction, in law, medicine, and in the ministry; in the arts and sciences, in literature, and in the affairs of life.

Within her Temple of Fame, in the galaxy of her distinguished men, whose worth to her people has been good and great, will appear the artist's ideal of Payson Tucker. Around his form and features will cluster the deeds of his useful life, making them conspicuous among the great men whose lives and character shine forever like the stars.

This marble bust, which gives the outlines so vividly of the classic form and features of him whom we knew and revered in the flesh,—that we almost feel him within our presence,—will stand here, as time goes on, to remind those who knew or will learn the story of Payson Tucker's life, that one of his chief characteristics was to do good to others, exemplifying the maxim while he lived, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Few men gave more in proportion to their means than he, and in this respect, his life stands out like a beacon light to those who possess wealth, that they may be guided to follow his example, and bestow their gifts while they live, and thereby derive one of the greatest enjoyments of life.

Mr. Chairman, since beginning this eulogy, the theme has grown upon me and with me. Its foundation began in the infancy, and matured in the

manhood of my acquaintance of twenty-five years with Payson Tucker, but the thoughts which I have expressed have crystalized into their present form, within a few days amid many duties, including the cares and responsibilities of an exacting professional life.

His charity was as varied as the pictures of the kaleidoscope, for in whatever direction we turn to view his life, there appears a picture of his beneficence, of increasing beauty to the one that appeared before.

We are at times bewildered in the mystic maze of his munificence, and while we find it pleasing to follow, nevertheless, it is difficult to portray.

In the labyrinth of his beneficent deeds, we discern that his motto was:

> "Have love! Not love alone for one,
> But man, as man, thy brother call,
> And scatter, like the circling sun,
> Thy charities on all."

As it was my privilege to solicit his assistance in founding this institution, it is a pleasure to recount some of the qualities of his life, which furnished the foundation that developed the desire to do all

he could for it, while he lived, to benefit his fellow men.

Of his friendship, I can hardly trust myself to speak. For fifteen years he was a staff of oak in maintaining this charity, and a sense of the loss we have sustained in this work so impoverishes all I might say that silence may seem better than the failure of language to express it. His words were hope to the discouraged, and a balm to the afflicted, while his sympathy gave inspiration, and his kindness a silver lining to every cloud.

To me, his counsel and advice was an inspiration that urged me to do what seemed to others impossible, and I shall feel that I have attempted to do my duty to his memory, if what I have said on this occasion shall conduce to a fuller appreciation of our beloved president and associate, Payson Tucker.

At the conclusion of Dr. Holt's eulogy the chairman said:—

We were all friends of Payson Tucker, most, if not all of us, enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, and we know how closely his relations with his friends were conformed to that great pivotal principle, around which revolve all the humanities of the

world: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." It is manifestly proper upon this occasion, therefore, that we should be addressed by a commissioned disciple of One whose enunciation of that great principle nineteen centuries ago, made this and other great charities of to-day possible. I take pleasure in introducing the Rev. A. H. Wright.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It affords me unspeakable satisfaction to be permitted, on this occasion, to pay my grateful tribute to the memory of the late Payson Tucker.

As I am desired to speak from the standpoint of my profession, I have the honor of representing in this assembly, the clergy of our city and state.

It is fully recognized I believe by the clergymen of Portland, who have been acquainted with Mr. Tucker's career, that he was in his personality, and public character, something greater than a masterful manager of Railroads:—something larger than a man of broad and liberal views of public policy:—something nobler, even than a public-spirited, philanthropic citizen, using his splendid powers of administration, and improving his great opportunities, to advance the material prosperity of his native city and state.

These personal factors in the character of Mr. Tucker, important and useful as they were, do not adequately interpret the spirit and influence of the man, nor do they wholly account for the extent and the depth of the public grief occasioned by his death.

Payson Tucker was truly loved, and is deeply mourned by the citizens of Maine, because of the friendly, humane and charitable spirit which characterized his daily life, both in its social and public aspects. He was loved and admired because in him was the incarnate spirit of helpfulness—the Christly spirit of service,—because he found pleasure in lifting heavy burdens for others,—in putting fallen men on their feet again, and in relieving human suffering. The man in trouble,—the woman friendless and forlorn,—the worthy enterprise failing for want of encouragement,—the righteous cause, only requiring some strong voice to commend it, or financial backing to carry it onward to success,—these were the objects which enlisted the interest, kindled the enthusiasm and secured the hearty support of Payson Tucker.

As we passed mournfully out of the Church, on the day of his funeral, one citizen of Portland was heard to say to another: "Never, within my time,

has Portland lost a citizen more universally loved and mourned then Payson Tucker." The response came quickly:—"That is *true.*"

By the divinest authority we are taught to estimate the worth of character, not by deeds alone, but by the quality of the motives which give to deeds their moral value.

With Payson Tucker the inward joy of doing the good work, was its own all-sufficient reward, and the ability of heart and hand to respond to the opportunity of charity was the source of his abiding satisfaction. He gave generously, and characteristicly, to worthy objects, with no desire for public recognition, or for human applause.

Once, only, had I the privilege of a personal interview with him. Then we mutually confessed that, for years, we had known of each other, without personal acquaintance.

Not long after this interview, that hand I had grasped was extended in sympathetic, and enthusiastic aid to a Church enterprise, in which my energies and hopes were centered.

Crowning Munjoy Hill stands a beautiful and durable House of Public Worship recently constructed of stone, instead of brick, because of Mr.

Tucker's wise suggestion, and generous proposal. One day, after Mr. Tucker had made his subscription to the building fund, and after it was decided to build of brick, a member of the building committee—Mr. Tucker's personal friend—was exhibiting to him the architect's accepted designs, when he saw, at once, that if the proposed Church were erected of stone, it would be more in harmony with the architect's design, and a far more beautiful and imposing structure. He therefore suggested that it be erected of granite. When informed that such an undertaking was beyond the ability of the parish, he said: "Build of stone and I will see that it costs no more than will a brick edifice." This unexpected proposition was gratefully accepted by the St. Lawrence Parish. It meant a gift of $1,500 to that Parish.

Friends! there stands the Church edifice in its quiet massive beauty, the joy of the Parish and the pride of its community. Among the benevolent citizens of Portland who aided in its erection, Payson Tucker was the largest giver. When you pass by it give the praise to God, whose House it is, and then bless the memory of the man who made it possible for us to build it of beautiful and durable granite, from our Maine and New Hampshire hills.

My brief tribute to Payson Tucker's memory is one of heartfelt gratitude, and I speak not only for myself, but, as well, for the people of my Church and Parish.

True gratitude lives and grows in human hearts when the hand of the gracious benefactor can no more be outstretched in helpfulness. True gratitude feeds upon the unforgotten charities of the past. Our hearts are united tonight in grateful remembrance of Payson Tucker's public and personal benefactions.

Sometime, in the newer, broader, and more rural Portland of today, let us hope, there will be public Squares or Parks adorned by the monumental statues of Portland's most eminent citizens, representatives of the professions, the arts, and the industries of our city. I would not dare predict, if such should happily be, who would be selected from among the many, to symbolize the mercantile or the mechanical trades—the legal or the medical professions, but I dare prophesy that the clergy of Portland would be memorialized by the statute of Portland's most honored and famous divine—Edward Payson; and I venture also to predict that the expanding and powerful Railroad interests of our state would be

represented and symbolized by the monumental figure of our lamented and honored fellow citizen, Payson Tucker, whose marble bust so life-like in feature and expression, will henceforth grace the library of this noble institution of charity, of which he was one of its founders, trustees and patrons.

After Mr. Wright's tribute to Payson Tucker the chairman said:—

We have with us upon the platform this evening a long-time, close, and intimate friend of Payson Tucker, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce as the next speaker, our distinguished fellow citizen, Dr. S. C. Gordon.

Dr. S. C. Gordon said:

Mr. President: After the beautiful and fitting eulogies to which we have just listened, from Dr. Holt and Mr. Wright, I shall not attempt anything more than what is indicated in your introduction—viz., to speak of Payson Tucker as a friend. I knew him intimately for thirty-five years —he was among my first acquaintances on coming to Portland. We were early associated in the Masonic fraternity and from this became personal friends which continued to the time of his death.

I was his friend, and I am glad to believe that he was my friend. The friendship of Payson Tucker meant much—he gave it ungrudgingly, where he deemed the person worthy, and I venture to say that no man in the state had more or warmer friends while living, or dying, more sincere mourners.

Emerson said that "the only way to have a friend is to be one," and on this principle was based the secret of Payson Tucker's hosts of friends. He was a friend to every one who deserved friendship. He had no sympathy with hypocrisy, or shams of any kind. He required of others truth, even if it betrayed some moral obliquity—he had an unbounded charity for the failings and short comings of poor humanity, and lost no opportunity to extend mercy. His friendship was not confined to his social equals, but rich and poor alike enjoyed it. The unfortunate and wretched never appealed to him in vain.

During the civil war I was in the department of the Gulf and often met in Louisiana and Mississippi, acquaintances of Sergeant S. Prentiss, a Maine boy, who became one of the most noted lawyers and orators of the South. At one time I was in the shop of a negro barber at Natchez, Miss., where Prentiss

lived and died. I asked him if he ever knew Mr. Prentiss, "Yes sah, I knew him well, I always shaved him and I loved him very much. He was a friend to every colored man in this country, and every colored man was his friend." This tribute of the colored man was a fair sample of the esteem in which this gifted son of Maine was held in his adopted state and in the South generally. I have often said that from the numerous expressions of love and affection that I heard in regard to him, that if every man, who knew him, had the same facility in the use of language that they would use the same words. The same or a similar thing might be said of Payson Tucker. He was one whose memory will long be cherished in the hearts of the masses of the people in this community where he lived.

At the conclusion of Dr. Gordon's tribute the chairman said :—

I am sure that you will agree with me that it is peculiarly acceptable that this gathering, assembled to do honor to the memory of Payson Tucker, is to be addressed by one who, during Mr. Tucker's lifetime was his counsel, and who after his death is his

executor. I have the pleasure of presenting the Honorable Joseph W. Symonds.

We have all listened, I am sure, with interest and pleasure to the delightful tribute by Dr. Holt to the memory of our late distinguished fellow townsman and friend, Mr. Payson Tucker, and to the just and eloquent words of eulogy which have followed. I appreciate and feel the charm of the evening thus far; I would not lessen nor mar it; and there is little, so very little, that I can even hope to add. Dr. Holt's long friendship and intimacy with Mr. Tucker, many associations which linked them closely together, especially in the founding and building of this institution, have enabled him to sketch with a masterly hand, in a way I do not pretend or attempt to emulate, the familiar but striking and impressive features of Mr. Tucker's mind and character.

No portraiture could be more perfect than that of the marble which we unveil tonight; but we can see our friend quite as clearly, quite as truly, in the eulogies as in the bust. In this work of art, by the munificence of Mrs. Tucker—and much as the Infirmary values the gift, it will always have an added value as *her* gift—in this work of art, by her

munificence, we look again upon the face we all remember so well. Under the hand of genius the manly spirit which used to inform and inspire it breaks through the marble lines and haunts and illumines it as of old; but in the words of Dr. Holt and Dr. Wright and Dr. Gordon, we seem to read the record of Payson Tucker's mind and heart. The two should go together, the eulogies and the bust, should remain together for all time, companion pictures, companion portraits of Payson Tucker. So shall the generations which come after us, frequenting these halls, reverting now and then to the history of this institution, continue to recognize him as among the foremost of its founders, and learn to know and remember him as he was.

At the close of his memoir of his illustrious brother, the poet, Mr. Samuel Longfellow writes: "The key to his character was *sympathy*. This made him the gentle and courteous receiver of every visitor, however obscure, however tedious; the ready responder to every appeal to his pity and his purse; the kindly encourager of literary aspirants, however unpromising; the charitable judge of motives, and excuser of mistakes and offenses; the delicate yet large liker; the lenient critic, quick to

see every merit beyond every defect. This gave to his poetry the *human* element, which made thousands feel as if this poem or that verse was written for each of them especially, and made in thousands of hearts in many lands a shrine of reverence and affection for his name. Through this sympathy thousands of greatful hearts have been touched, comforted, and lifted,—made more gentle, more courageous, more full of holy trust in God, of faith in immortality."

Those of us who know Professor Longfellow only by his poems can appreciate, in some degree, at least, how true this is.

We commemorate tonight a life that moved in paths remote from the fields of literature, absorbed in affairs, charged with grave duties and obligations, under the pressure of heavy responsibilities, burdened, oppressed with the care of vast business enterprises and material interests; under conditions strangely contrasted with those of scholastic calm and repose.

And yet was it ever truer of any life than of Payson Tucker's that the key to it, to its truthfulness and nobleness, was sympathy? Think, for a single illustration, what it was for Mr. Tucker who,

I suppose, was no more identified originally with this charity than you or I, on whom there was no more responsibility for its success or failure than upon you or upon me, when at the very outset its fate hung trembling in the balance, when even the indomitable spirit of Dr. Holt hesitated before the obstacles that confronted him, when this beautiful site for the proposed structure was likely to be lost and immediately lost forever, think what it was for Mr. Tucker to pause in the rush of his railroad office, to listen to Dr. Holt in his quick, attentive way, to start the subscription with a thousand dollars and then, delivering back the subscription paper to Dr. Holt, to say, with that rare smile of his and in a voice that was itself like a rallying-cry—such a voice as on adverse fields men follow to their death —"There, doctor, go on. I'll stand by you."

That was Payson Tucker. That was Payson Tucker, not once, not a hundred times, but in in stances without number.

Men do not forget a thing like that, they do not forget the strong, generous, helping hand which out of mere kindliness and friendliness, in a large way, for the good of the community, comes to their aid in the hour of trial; in the hour of trial such as Dr. Holt

was then undergoing, the hope, the ambition of his life, to lay deep and strong the foundations of this charity, hanging in the doubtful scale.

Is it any wonder that the gratitude of Dr. Holt, speaking not only for himself personally but for the corporation as well, overflows, assumes form, crystallizes, in the words of just and splendid praise to which we have had the honor of listening tonight?

Is it any wonder that the love of this community, vast as the ocean, ripples about the memory of Payson Tucker, pleasantly as the long roll of the sea breaks upon the summer shore?

You remember, in "Bleak House," when the little street sweeper finds his friend, the poor law-writer, dead in his garret over the rag and bottle shop, in the court off Chancery Lane, under the shadow of Lincoln's Inn, the ragged and half-famished boy exclaims, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve, "He wos good to me; he wos wery good to me, he wos wery good to me, he wos." Tears fill our eyes at the pathos of that scene, and we are thankful for the lesson it inculcates, that in this world none are so poor as not to be able to do good to others, to do something to add to their happiness, or to lighten or assuage their pain. The kindness

of the poor law-writer to the little sweeper of the street-crossing was more frequently a word than a penny. Often he had to say, "I am poor as you today." But that word of kindness was the breath of life to the hungry boy, and so he presses in among the strange figures in that dreary room, with the words upon his lips, "He wos good to me, he wos; he wos wery good to me, he wos."

Do you suppose that Payson Tucker could have walked the streets of his own city for an hour, could have visited any Maine Central yard from Portland to Vanceboro, without meeting men whose wistful eyes fastened upon him, remembering his kindness to them, whether they phrased it as Dickens would or not.

Mr. Tucker's life and service were a pillar of strength to the State of Maine and his figure will always be a great one in its history. Our own Portland Board of Trade has said of him that by his death the recollection of his splendid service to his city and state is brought home to the minds of all and a universal sense of general public loss prevades the community. "Identified throughout his life with many of the most important public and private interests of Portland, he gave to them freely

of his time, his effort, his influence and his great executive and administrative ability. The vigor and energy of his youth, the strength of his manhood and the ripe wealth of his experience went into the building up of the Maine Central Railroad and its allied interests; but he was generous and helpful to many other institutions and charities and always in a broad and noble way. Large-hearted and large-minded in all his relations with men, a leader in all that he undertook, his death makes a vacancy that is keenly felt in the business life of the city. He had great influence and authority and he showered the blessings of his kindness with open hand upon all. About the graves of but few men of his time would so many of the good people of Maine gather with so much fondness of personal recollection as at the grave of Payson Tucker."

I would not claim in what I say that Mr. Tucker was always free from error, or from the sorrow that comes of conscious fault. That I do not know; and the charm of all memorial service, the one vital and essential thing in it, is that it should be true. Of Mr. Tucker's faults, if he had them, I know nothing. To me he was always the same strong, proud, digni-

fied, commanding man whom I had always known. Moreover, I am a lover of the old Latin maxim, a believer in it as one of the most beautiful things which have come down to us from classical antiquity, that we should say nothing of the dead except what is good. We have a right to be silent; we have no right to be harsh in our judgments, nor, on the other hand, to claim too much.

Payson Tucker was a man, who, if he could speak, would say, "Paint me as I was." He was too grand a man to ask either concealment or excuse. But I am sure that in praising him he would not have us even seem to praise any fault itself. A great life, a good life, is not always or necessarily one that is free from error. Life is a strange medley. It sometimes seems like a cruel mélange of good and ill. We shall make sad work of it in this world if we spend our time in praising or in copying the faults of our friends, the best of them; the accidental things, which vex the surface or darken the depths of their lives. It is for us rather to emulate their great qualities, the things which are essentially true and noble and fine in them. We need to distinguish; not to praise the error, but to praise the sum of the life notwithstanding the error.

As George William Curtis said in his loving tribute to the memory of Robert Burns at the unveiling of the Burns statue in Central Park. "The young man who would gild his dissipation with the celestial glamour of Burns's name snatches the glory of a star to light him to destruction."

"Granted," said Thomas Carlyle, in what Mr. Curtis in the same oration declares to be the noblest plea ever made by one man of genius for another, "Granted the ship comes into harbor with shroud and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

Owen Meredith, in Lucile, teaches the same lesson.

—"When the Great Ship of Life
Surviving, though shatter'd, the tumult and strife
Of earth's angry element—masts broken short,
Decks drench'd, bulwarks beaten—drives safe into port,
When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand;
When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled roar,
The mariner turns to his rest evermore;
What will then be the answer the helmsman must give?
Will it be, 'Lo our log-book! Thus once did we live
In the zones of the South; thus we traversed the seas

Of the Orient; there dwelt with the Hesperides;
Thence followed the West wind; here eastward we turned;
The stars failed us there; just here land we discerned
On our lee; there the storm overtook us at last;
That day went the bowsprit, the next day the mast;

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Any one of such questions? I cannot think so.

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Not, how fared the soul through the trials it passed,
But, what is the state of that soul at the last?"

Those of us who met Mr. Tucker in the dark days, when the shadow of the final illness had fallen upon him, and all consciously to himself there was little before him in this world except its deepening gloom, had an opportunity to learn a new lesson how noble he was; that his thoughts were not of himself, but for others, straining to the utmost to fulfil every trace of earthly trust or duty or obligation that still remained;—and then silently, patiently, submissively, calmly, he approached the unreal realm and passed beyond our sight. It is not for us to say that at the bar of the eternal right the judgment will be wholly in his favor, that final decree perhaps can never be one of absolute approval of mortal effort or achievement;—but wherever, in whatever fields of high and great service, the immortals wait or labor, I rever-

ently believe Payson Tucker will not be an alien or a stranger there.

But what we especially commemorate to-night is the relation of Mr. Tucker to this institution.

I once said of a library what may be repeated with equal truth of this Infirmary.

"The founding of a library, or other institution of benevolence or learning, is the grant of an annuity, of a perpetuity, of good will and beneficence to society. It is a new light on the way; a new impulse to intelligence and virtue; a new force among the influences which strengthen and support the social order. The corporate form makes immortal the spirit and purpose which otherwise might have died with the individual. No personal influence, hardly even the legacy of a shining example, can live so long. In the corporation, the generous impulse, the noble thought, clothes itself with an earthly immortality. Neither knight nor crusader, neither hero nor saint, neither missionary nor pilgrim, ever started on so long an errand of good to men, as the library, or college, or hospital, permanently endowed, its living members but the links in the golden chain of a perpetual succession. Such an institution is to the

passing generations of men as the cliff upon the sea-shore to the waves which break upon it."

In the founding of this institution, Payson Tucker took a great part and his name and fame are identified with it forever.

After the conclusion of Judge Symonds' tribute, the chairman said :—

We have listened to the tributes, which have been paid to Payson Tucker, by the speakers of the evening, with the delight which such graceful eloquence is calculated to give, and, were I to consult my own feelings or to be governed by my own judgment, I should decline to interpose my own want of preparation between your memories and the charms of the oratory with which we have been entertained. But I have been assured by some members of the Board of Trustees, that I should do them injustice, and perhaps I should show scant appreciation of the courtesy which has made me their presiding officer, if I should not attempt to express, however inadequately, something of the pleasure which we all feel in being made custodians of this beautiful work of art, which preserves the face and form of our late President, Payson Tucker. We accept it thank-

fully. We shall guard it carefully. In our care, and in the care of those who come after us, may it ever be a reminder of the interest which Mr. Tucker took in this institution and of the aid he constantly extended to it.

The bust of Payson Tucker might find many appropriate repositories. It could well look down upon our railroad square, which must ever remain a testimony to his force and foresight, and there are a hundred places throughout our state, blossoming today with prosperity and promise, which but for Payson Tucker might yet have remained as barren wastes. But you will rightly understand that we of the Board of Trustees feel that there is no more appropriate place where a representation of the face and form of Payson Tucker should be preserved than in this, a temple of charity, which he did so much to found, and which he was ever ready to aid.

While those who come after us who did not know Payson Tucker in his life, may see in this bust those lines chiseled in his face by his contemplation of the great affairs with which he had to deal, none of us who knew him, and who were proud to number ourselves among his friends can look upon it without recalling his features as delineated by the facile

pencil of his kindly interest in all that concerned a friend, and as they were lighted up by that broad and tactful generosity which hastened always to render assistance where his aid could be of avail.

The city of Portland, which was the home of Payson Tucker's boyhood, which was the scene of his struggles, his triumphs, and his disappointments, and which he loved so well, and for which he did so much, may well honor his memory. Our entire state, to whose present and future prosperity his sagacious energy and enterprise contributed so much, will be ungrateful indeed if she ever forgets what he was to her. But after all, grateful as such honor would be to him if living, the praise which he would esteem the most, and which in his death is the noblest monument to his memory, is that to be heard in a thousand humble homes, which during his life-time reaped the advantage of Payson Tucker's unostentatious, but great charity.

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